

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke*

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HE KNOWS

THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest;
Cares of today, and burdens of tomorrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confest;
We come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at Thy feet: Thou knowest, Lord.

THOU knowest all the past; how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer
strayed;

How the Good Shepherd followed, and how
kindly

He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid;
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed
the pain,

And brought back life, and hope, and strength
again.

THOU knowest all the present; each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;

All to each one assigned, of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones, than self more dear;

All pensive memories, as we journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

THOU knowest all the future; gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;

Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last.

Oh, what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path, but this? Thou knowest,
Lord.

THOU knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing;

As Man, our mortal weakness Thou hast
proved;

On earth, with purest sympathies o'er-flowing,
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast
loved;

And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

—*Jane Borthwick.*

GONE BEFORE

AN EASTER STORY

"I WONDER what becomes of one of us, when
he climbs up out of this world, and disappears, so
that we do not see even his shadow. Does any-
body know where he goes to? Tell me, some-
body, pray!"

Thus chattered the Grub of a Dragon-fly, as he
darted about with his numerous companions, in
and out among the plants at the bottom of the
water.

The water formed a beautiful pond in the
centre of a wood. Stately trees grew around it,
and reflected themselves on its surface as on a
polished mirror; and the bulrushes and forget-
me-nots which fringed its sides seemed to have a
twofold life, so perfect was their image below.

"Who cares what happens?" answered one of
those who overheard the Grub's inquiry; "what
is it to us?"

"Look out for food for yourself," cried an-
other, "and let other people's business alone."

"But I have a curiosity on the subject," ex-
postulated the first speaker. "I can see all of
you when you pass by me among the plants in
the water here; and when I don't see you any
longer, I know you have gone further on. But I
followed a Grub just now as he went upward;
all at once he went to the side of the water, and
then began to disappear, and presently he was
gone. Did he leave this world, do you think?
And what can there be beyond?"

Some time after this the Dragon-fly Grub was
sick and uneasy. His limbs had lost their old
activity, and a strange oppression was upon him.

The creatures whom he had been accustomed
to chase, passed by him unharmed; the water-
plants, over which he used to scramble with so
much agility, were distasteful to his feet; nay,
the very water itself, into which he had been
born and through which he was wont to propel

himself with so much ingenuity, felt suffocating in its weight.

His friends and relations gathered around him, some of his own age, some a generation younger, who had only that year entered upon existence. They would fain have helped him, if they could, in this his hour of weakness. But there was no help for him now, only hope, and of that he possessed, perhaps, even more than they did. The hope was that there might be some other world, outside that little pool, to which a Grub went when he disappeared from sight.

Then came an earnest request, and then a solemn promise, that, as surely as the great hopes proved true, so surely would he return and tell them so.

"But, oh! if you should forget!" exclaimed one of the younger generation, timid and uneasy.

"Forget the old home, my friend?" ejaculated the sick Grub; "forget our life of enjoyment here, the ardor of the chase, the ingenious stratagems, the triumph of success? Forget the emotions of hope and fear we have shared together, and which I am bound, if I can, to relieve? Impossible!"

"But if you should not be able to come back to us," suggested another.

"More unlikely still," murmured the half-exhausted Grub. "To a condition so exalted as the one in store for us, what can be impossible? Goodbye, my friends! I can tarry here no longer. Ere long you may expect to see me again in some new form. Till then, farewell!"

Languid, indeed, was the voice, and languid were the movements of the Grub, as he rose upward through the water to the reeds and bulrushes that fringed its bank. Two favorite brothers and a few of his friends, more adventurous than the rest, accompanied him in his ascent, in the hope of witnessing whatever might take place above; but in this they were disappointed.

From the moment when, clinging with his feet to the stem of a bulrush, he emerged from his native element into the air, his companions saw him no more. Eyes fitted, as theirs were, only for the watery fluid, were incapable of the upward glance and power of vision which would have enabled them to pierce beyond it; and the discoverers went back, mortified and sorrowful, to the bed of the pond.

The sun was high in the heavens when the Dragon-fly Grub parted from his friends, and they waited through the long hours of the day for his return; at first, in joyful hope, then in tremulous anxiety, and, as the shades of evening began to deepen around, in a gloomy fear that bordered at last on despair. "He has forgotten us," cried some. "A death from which he never can awake has overtaken him," said others. "He will return to us yet," maintained the few who clung to hope.

But in vain messenger after messenger shot

upward to the bulrushes and to various parts of the pond, hoping to discover some trace of the lost one. All who went out returned back dispirited from the vain and weary search.

On the morning of the third day, one of the Grub's favorite brothers came sailing into the midst of a group, who were just rousing up from rest, ready to recommence the daily business of their life. There was an unnatural brilliancy about his eyes, which shone as they had never done before, and startled all who looked at them.

"My friends," said he, "I was, as you know, one of our lost relative's favorite brothers. I trusted him as if he had been a second self, and would have pledged myself a thousand times for his word. Judge, then, what I have suffered, from his promise remaining still unfulfilled. Alas! that he has not yet returned to us!"

The favorite brother paused. Some Grubs in a corner by themselves murmured, "How could he? The story about there being another world is false."

"He has not returned to us," recommenced the favorite brother. "But, my friends, I feel that I am going to him, wherever that may be—either to that new life he hoped for, or to a death from which there is no return. Dear ones! I go, as he did, upward, upward, upward! Before I go I renew to you—for myself and him—the solemn promise he once made to you. Should the great hopes be true, we will come back and tell you so. If I return not—but rely on me; my word is more to me than life. Farewell!"

The Grub rose upwards through the water, followed by the three brothers and one or two of the younger ones; but on reaching the brink of the pond, he seized on a plant of the forget-me-not and, clinging to its firm flower-stalk, clambered out of the water into the open air. Those who accompanied him watched him as he left the water; but after that they saw no more.

As before, the day passed, and not a trace of the departed one was seen. In vain they dwelt upon the consoling words he had spoken. The hope he had for a time reawakened died out with the declining sun, and many a voice was raised against his treachery and want of love. "He is faithless," said some. "He forgets us, like his brother, in his new fortune," cried others. "The story of that other world is false," uttered the little set, in the corner by themselves. Only a very few murmured to each other, "We will not despair."

One thing alone was certain, he did not return.

Another day elapsed, and then, in the early dawn the third and last brother crept slowly to a half-sleepy knot of his more particular friends, and roused them.

"Look at my eyes," said he; "has not a sudden change come over them? They feel to me swelled

and bursting, and yet I see with a clouded and imperfect vision. Doubtless it is with me now as it was with our dear ones before they left us. I am oppressed, like them. Like them, an invisible power is driving me upwards, as they were driven. Listen, then; for on my parting words you may depend. Let the other world be what it will, gorgeous beyond all we can fancy of it, blissful beyond all we can hope of it, do not fear in me an altered or forgetful heart. I dare not promise more. Yet, if it be possible, I will return. But, remember, there may well be that other world, and yet we, in ours, may misjudge its nature. Farewell!"

And he too went upward through the cool water, to the plants that bordered its side; and from the leaf of a golden kingcup he rose out of his native element into that aerial world, into which a Water-Grub's eye never yet could pierce.

His companions lingered awhile near the spot where he had disappeared, but neither sign nor sound came to them.

And after this, others went upward in succession; for the time came to all when the lustrous eyes of the perfect creature shone through the masked face of the Grub, and he must needs pass forward to the fulfilment of his destiny. But the result among those who were left was always the same. There were ever some that doubted and feared, ever some that disbelieved and ridiculed, ever some that hoped and looked forward.

Ah! if they could but have known, poor things!

And the Dragon-fly, meanwhile—was he really faithless as they thought? When he burst his prison-house by the water side, and rose on glittering wings into the summer air, had he indeed no memory for the dear ones he had so lately left? No tender concern for their griefs and fears? No recollection of the promise he had made?

Ah! so far from it, he thought of them amidst the transports of his wildest flights, and returned ever and ever to the precincts of that world which had once been the only world to him. But in that region, also, a power was over him superior to his own, and to it his will must submit. To the world of waters he could never more return. The least touch upon its surface, as he skimmed over it with the purpose of descent, brought on a deadly shock, like that which, as the Water-Grub, he had experienced from emerging into air, and his wings involuntarily bore him instantly back from the unnatural contact.

"Alas for the promise made in ignorance and presumption, miserable Grub that I was!" was his repeated cry.

And thus, divided and yet near, parted and yet united by love, he hovered about the barrier that lay between them, never quite without a hope that some accident might bring his dear ones into sight.

Nor was his constancy long unrewarded, for as, after even his longest roamings, he never failed to return to the old spot, he was there to welcome the brother who so soon followed him. It might be, on those occasions, that some fresh arrival of kindred from below added a keener joy to their already joyous existence. Sweet assuredly it was to each newcomer to find in the new region not a strange and friendless abode, but a home rich with the welcomes of those who had gone before. Sweet also it was, and strange as sweet, to know that even while they had been trembling and fearing in their ignorant life below, gleams from the wings of those they lamented were dropping like star-rays on their home, reflected hither and thither from the sun that shone above. Oh! if they could but have known!

Beautiful forest pond, crowded with mysterious life, of whose secrets we know so little, who would not willingly linger by your banks for study and for thought! There, where the beech-tree throws out her graceful arms, glorying in the loveliness that is reflected beneath; there, where in the nominal silence the innocent birds pour out their music of joy; there, where the blue forget-me-not tells its tale of old romance, and the long grasses bend over their pictured shadows; there, where the Dragon-flies still hover on the surface of the water, longing to reassure the hearts of the trembling race, who are still hoping and fearing below.—*Mrs. Gatty, in "Parables from Nature."*

A SPRING SONG

KINDLY Spring again is here,
Trees and fields in bloom appear;
Hark! The birds, with artless lays,
Warble their Creator's praise.

Where in Winter all was snow,
Now the flowers in clusters grow,
And the corn, in green array,
Promises a harvest day.

Lord, afford a Spring to me:
Let me feel like what I see!
Speak, and by Thy gracious voice
Make my drooping soul rejoice.

On Thy garden deign to smile;
Raise the plants, enrich the soil.
Soon Thy presence will restore
Life to what seemed dead before!

—*J. Newton.*

THE GREAT AMERICAN GOOD
FORTUNE

BIRD PROTECTION

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE says that an American living under the Constitution of the United States is better off than any other man in the present world or in history. The Constitution he describes as a living thing, to be cherished by our people or disregarded according to their wish, their lively self-interest or their neglectful sloth.

Gladstone's tribute to the Constitution as the greatest document ever struck off by the mind of man at a given moment, imperfectly describes the Constitution's genesis and has hurt its reputation. Regarding it as a spontaneous effusion from the brains of a score or more of eighteenth century lawyers and squires has prompted the contemptuous view of it expressed by some idealists.

Elihu Root once remarked that the Nation is not properly just a hundred and fifty years old, but is really twice that age. The first settlers of Plymouth and Jamestown, and later of Philadelphia, of Maryland, of Providence, of Hartford and elsewhere, began at once to experiment in self-government. The compact drawn up in the cabin of the Mayflower was an instrument antecedent to the Constitution, as much so as the English Bill of Rights and Magna Charta itself.

No men but Anglo-Saxons by inheritance could have drawn the Constitution in 1788. No Anglo-Saxons could have drawn it but those that did, the picked men of communities that had practiced self-government and struggled for it through a century and a half as colonists. Certainly the Frenchmen of Quebec, the Spaniards of Cuba, had they been presented the opportunity, could have done nothing like it.

And that is why the Constitution is not today an obsolete scheme of government once appropriate for eighteenth century rusticity, but an expression of organic law such as Americans, unless politically degenerate, will cherish, such as they will seriously depart from at their peril.

The Constitution is no fetish, as Secretary Hughes points out. Nor is it the dead hand of the past laid upon a living present, like feudalism in Europe, or the restrictions and superstitions that still flourish over there. We have no fundamental reforms to undertake over here such as they have had over there. The most Americans need to do is to provide improvements, and not too many or much of them. What we really need is not progress away from our forefathers, but progress back to them, to their individual initiative, their faculty for self-government.

—*Minneapolis Journal.*

W. L. McATEE of the research bureau of the United States Biological Survey, explains in a recent number of the *Outdoors Pictorial* the great value of the bird in its destruction of insects. Leading active lives, birds require much food, and as the various groups differ in habits they feed on practically all groups of insects. Not only do they consume a great variety of insects, but they destroy them in large numbers. In some cases trees, garden crops and even farm fields have been entirely freed of insect pests. It was found that birds were destroying a million green bugs daily on a 200-acre farm in North Carolina.

The number of birds is pitifully few, in comparison with the useful work they can perform. It has been calculated that on the average there are in the United States only about two birds to the acre. When protected and encouraged, however, a very great increase over the normal bird population can be obtained. The multiplication of bird refuges and shelters is urged for this reason.

Suggestions as to suitable shelters are given by Mr. McAtee. Many railroads are beautifying their rights of way and grounds, and it would be easy to make the planting about the stations of a kind attractive to birds. The same work may be done in city parks, and one State at least, Oregon, has passed a law which provides that all incorporated towns and cities and all public parks and school grounds in the State shall be bird and game sanctuaries. Bird baths, bird fountains, bird houses, if attractively placed, add to the beauty of the grounds and increase bird population.

Public school grounds, too often bare and uninviting, the college campus, golf courses, are all suggested as excellent places for bird shelters, with some changes in their planting. The National Association of Audubon Societies is supporting a movement to convert cemeteries into bird sanctuaries, these being excellent places because of the seclusion afforded the birds, freedom from disturbance, and an abundance of trees and shrubs.—*Chicago Post.*

CHARLES E. HUGHES has a neat wit on occasion. It is related that shortly after his second election as governor of New York he was entertaining a prominent lawyer at the executive mansion. "You have a handsome place here," the lawyer remarked, glancing round the official residence.

"Yes," Hughes replied, with the bitter campaign just closed in mind, "but I had a hard time getting the landlord to renew the lease."

THE DISOBEDIENT CHICKENS

A NEW NECTARINE

THE hen to herself said one beautiful day,
 "Cluck, cluck!
 The day is so fine I'll step over the way—
 Cluck, cluck!
 And call on my neighbor and friend, Madam
 Duck,
 Who lives by the side of the beautiful brook;
 Cluck, cluck; cluck, cluck; cluck, cluck!"

So shaking her feathers, she called to her chicks:
 "Cluck, cluck!"
 And bade them be sure to keep close in her
 tracks;
 "Cluck, cluck!"
 For having no one to attend them at home
 She had to take them along when abroad she
 would roam.
 "Cluck, cluck; cluck, cluck; cluck, cluck!"

"Good day, Madam Hen," said the duck, with
 a bow—
 "Quack, quack!
 I hope you are well, and your sweet chickens,
 too;
 Quack, quack!
 And now let them go with my ducklings to play
 While we have a chat on the news of the day.
 Quack, quack; quack, quack; quack, quack!"

The hen said they might, but she cautioned them
 all;
 "Cluck, cluck!"
 Lest into the water the chickens should fall;
 "Cluck, cluck!
 For you cannot swim, my dear children," said
 she,
 "And surely will drown if you disobey me.
 Cluck, cluck; cluck, cluck; cluck, cluck!"

So off went the chickens and ducklings to play.
 "Peep, peep!"
 And straight to the brook the young ducks led
 the way;
 "Peep, peep!"
 Right into the water they went without fear.
 And called to the chickens to follow them there.
 "Peep, peep; peep, peep; peep, peep!"

The ducklings so easily swam all about,
 "Peep, peep!"
 The chickens said, "Surely, 'tis easy to float."
 "Peep, peep!"
 And so they jumped in, but alas; they soon
 found
 That chicks are not ducks, for the brood were all
 drowned.
 "Peep, peep; peep, peep; peep, peep!"

THE nectarine is a peach without any fuzz and, in the opinion of the fruit specialists at the New York State Agricultural Experiment Station at Geneva, deserves a place in every New York fruit planting because of its high degree of excellence both for dessert purposes and for canning. Nectarines are very popular in Europe, where they are better known than in this country, says the station horticulturist, but since they grow wherever peaches can be grown they should be given a trial in Eastern America.

One thing that has held nectarines back in this country has been the scarcity of good varieties, it is said; but now the experiment station is bringing out what promises to be some unusually worthwhile varieties, particularly the Hunter, proclaimed as the best mid-season variety for New York.

"Not more than a dozen nectarines are available for New York planters, while there are probably 200 peaches," says Dr. U. P. Hedrick, station horticulturist, in commenting on the new Hunter. "But four nectarines are worth trying, and these are Boston, Elruge, Newton, and Victoria. It seems desirable, and in fact almost imperative, that this station set out to breed better nectarines, and this we are doing. Hunter is the first sort offered. The tree is large, vigorous, hardy, healthy and productive. The fruits are large, handsomely colored and very good in quality. Hunter is being sent out as the best mid-season nectarine for New York.

"The New York State Fruit Testing Association, with headquarters at Geneva, which propagates and distributes planting stock of the new fruits originated by the station fruit breeders, has a limited stock of Hunter on hand for distribution to interested persons at a small cost to cover the expense of growing the stock. The Hunter is also more fully described and is illustrated in color in Station Bulletin 497, which may be had free of charge upon request."—*New York Sun*.

"If some men gave a dollar to charity," remarked Uncle Ezra, "they would want their name engraved on it."

HUB—I think, my dear, you have invited too many guests.

WIFE—But, Richard, I had to invite those who lent me the things for the party.

"I'VE been trying to think of a word for two weeks.

"Well, there's fortnight."

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.
Tel. Granite 1140*

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

Please read and follow the suggestions.

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of that word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

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The following are offered by All Souls Branch, New York. Please address Mrs. F. C. Brush, 29 High Street, Montclair, New Jersey.

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Four dozen photographic views for use with a stereoscope.

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Recollections and Letters of Gen. Robert E.
Lee. Capt. Robert E. Lee.

The American's Creed and its Meaning. Andrews.
The Americanization of Edward Bok: the auto-
biography of a Dutch boy, fifty years after.

Children of Loneliness. Stories of immigrant
life in America. Yeziarska.

Four Weeks in the Trenches: War story of a
violinist. Kreisler.

Things Men Fight for: with application to pres-
ent conditions in Europe. Powers.

Crimson Stains (poems of war and love). Choyce.
Land of Deepening Shadow (Germany-at-war).
Curtin.

"Holding the Line." Baldwin.

The Great Peace. Powers.

Towards the Goal (the Great War). Ward.

Vital Issues of the War. Boynton.

The End of the Ages: with forecasts of the recon-
struction of America and the World. Fish-
bough.

The Peace Treaty and the Economic Chaos of
Europe. Angell.

Bolshevism, Enemy of Political and Industrial
Democracy. Spargo.

Story of Modern Progress. West.

World Revolution: the Plot against Civilization.
Webster.

Book of Martyrs. Foxe.

Fiction

A Reverend Idol.

The Little Minister. Barrie.

Winds of Chance. Beach.

Pride of Jennico. Castle.

The Mysterious Affair at Styles. Christie.

Thorns and Orange Blossoms. Clay.

The Spy in Black. Clouston.

Zara the Cruel. Conquest.

One Way Street. Davis.

Moon Calf. Dell.

The Green Tree Mystery. Doubleday.

Smoke of the 45. Drago.

Java Head. Hergesheimer.

Bendish. Hewlett.

The Man Who Won. Hirsch.

The Spirit of the Time. Hitchins.

The Sagebrusher. Hough.

Lena Rivers. Holmes.

Tempest and Sunshine. Holmes.

Leave it to Doris. Huston.

Michael Forth. Johnston.

Old Margaret. Kingsley.

Gipsy Trail. Kipling.

Mr. Pratt. Lincoln.

The Red Seal. Lincoln.

Viviette. Locke.

White Fang. London.

Mystery at Geneva. Macaulay.

Sonia Married. McKenna.

Anthony the Absolute. Merwin.

Death Bell. Marshall.

Bread. Norris.

Michael's Evil Deeds. Oppenheim.

El Dorado. Orczy.

Beasts, Men and Gods. Ossendowski.

Under Two Flags. Ouida.

The Money Master. Parker.

Murders in the Rue Morgue. Poe.

Girl of the Limberlost. Porter.

Darkened Windows. Rathbone.

Succession: a Comedy of the Generations. Sidg-
wick.

The Turquoise Cup and The Desert. Smith.

By Heather and Sea. Vaughan.

The Cathedral. Walpole.

Duchess of Wrexe. Walpole.

Secret City. Walpole.

Vicky Van. Wells.

The Passionate Friends. Wells.

Penelope's English Experiences. Wiggin.

Penelope's Progress. Wiggin.

Lord Arthur Savile's Crime. Wilde.

The Chauffeur and the Chaperon. Williamson.

The Golden Silence. Williamson.

Set in Silver. Williamson.

*The Brookline (First Parish) Branch offers the follow-
ing. Please apply to Miss M. W. Suter, 116 Warren
Street, Brookline, Mass.*

Health and Household

The Health Master. Adams.

How to Live. Fisher & Fisk.

The New Glutton or Epicure. Fletcher.

The Care of the Baby. Griffith.

Foods and Household Management. Kinne.

Feeding the Family. Rose.

Religion

Bible texts topically arranged.

Life of Jesus for Young People. Brown.

Meaning of Prayer. Fosdick.

Life and teachings of Jesus. Kent.

Conquest of Fear. King.

Light on the Cloud. Savage.

Daily Selections

The Optimist's Good Morning. Perin.

The Optimist's Good Night. Perin.

Daily Strength for Daily Needs. Tileston.

Miscellaneous

Natural History in Zoölogical Gardens. Bed-
dard.

Of All Things (humorous). Benchley.

Homes of the New World (impressions of Amer-
ica). Bremer.

Letters and Lettering. Brown.

Gala Days. Hamilton.

Our Government. Macy.
 Manners Makyth Man.
 Courage. Marks.
 The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayam.
 The Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law.
 Shattuck.

Magazines

Atlantic Monthly, 1921 and 1922.

The following books are offered by the Second Church Branch, Salem, Mass. Please apply to Miss Decker, 4 Mt. Vernon St., Salem, Mass.

French Dictionary (large). Boyer.
 French Grammar. Otto.
 La Famille de Germandre.
 La Neuvaïne de Colette.
 German Grammar. Alm.
 German Reader. Adler.
 Undine. Fouqué.
 Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts.

REQUESTS

1. My mother and I live alone. She is eighty years old, blind and a bed invalid. My health is very poor. I would be pleased with the *Pictorial Review*, letters, or cheer of any kind. (Miss) Daisy R. Messer, 336 Essex Street, Bangor, Maine.

2. Mrs. Eva Davis, Kensett, Ark., would be glad if someone would send her books, magazines, or quilt scraps.

3. Mrs. J. L. Jones, Blackstone, N. C., writes: I enjoy any good reading, and though I am sixty-five years old I still like fiction and will be glad to get books or magazines of any kind. I certainly do appreciate having my name on the list.

4. Mrs. Cretia Medlin, Sayre, Okla., R. 3, wishes to thank the friends for past favors. Two books received at Christmas time were minus the address of the sender. She takes this way of acknowledging them. She will appreciate the *Cheerful Letter* and other reading.

5. Mrs. Louis Chandler, Nassawadox, Va., would like very much to receive books and magazines. There is no library in the town and books are scarce.

6. Mrs. G. F. Blanton, Wallace, N. C., is still feeble, not able to do any work except sewing; gets very lonely when she does not have some pick-up work to pass away the days. Will be glad to receive cotton and woolen pieces, also good magazines.

7. The *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Woman's Home Companion*, *Pictorial Review* or any such maga-

zines will be thankfully received and the children would love any colored pictures. I have three grown girls and four small boys. (Mrs.) J. T. Wilmer, Buena Vista, Va.

8. Will someone send paper dolls and cards to little seven year old Lucille Bryant, Dodson, Va.

9. Vivian Shaffer, Madison, N. C., R. 3, an eleven-year-old girl, living in the country with her grandparents, in the fourth grade at school, will be glad of suitable reading.

10. Mrs. Stanley Burgess, Polkton, N. C., R. 2, twenty-seven years of age, married, with five children, especially asks for a large-print Bible.

11. Mrs. Rosa B. Johnson, of Sturgills, N. C., will be glad of quilt scraps and reading for herself and invalid daughter.

12. Mrs. Mary E. Terry, Buffalo Ridge, Va., who lost home and all contents by fire, is very anxious for a large Bible with a place for the family record.

13. Mrs. J. H. Walker, Powellton, W. Va., mother of five children, asks for reading, scraps, and pictures for the baby.

14. Mrs. Preston Verret, Bayou Shene, La., would like reading for a boy of fourteen and girl of twelve.

15. Mrs. Sam R. Via, Mayoden, N. C., would like quilt scraps, also reading and pictures for children; the oldest thirteen, youngest one year old.

16. Mrs. Artie Norwood, Athens, Tenn., R. 1, asks for the *Cheerful Letter*.

17. Miss Pearl Sullivan, care of Sam Sullivan, Falls City, Oregon, a girl fifteen years of age, who will never be able to walk, will be grateful for cards, pictures, and suitable reading.

18. Mrs. Ida M. Parker, Cold Creek Camp, Nehalem, Oregon, will be glad of reading.

19. Robert Foley, nine years old, an orphan living with an aunt at Stuart, Va., R. 5, will be glad of story books.

20. Mrs. C. B. Merrick, Methuen, Mass., R. F. D., will be glad of "Natural Life," *Asia*, the *Century*, or *Scientific American*.

21. Mrs. Lena Tyson, Box 221, Ansonville, N. C., asks for a Bible Dictionary.

22. Miss Eva Thomas, Polkton, N. C., R. 2, Box 47, very fond of flowers, asks for seeds or plants of any kind. She wants a flower garden with flowers from every State. She is a farmer's daughter and the members of the family are all fond of flowers.

23. Mrs. B. C. Perry asks for the *Youth's Companion* for a boy of fourteen, also a Bible for her twin boy and girl of eleven. Address: Bridgeboro, Worth Co., Ga.

24. Mrs. Aubrey Shelton, Dodson, Va., would like scraps of ribbon for the dolls of her little girls, eight and six.

25. Three years ago the principal building of the Greensboro Bible and Literary School, including the library, was burned. The Dean, Rev. Henry F. Bailey, Greensboro, N. C., writes: "Anything you are able to do for us in supplying Orthodox books on subjects helpful to Bible students, prospective missionaries, home workers, etc., will be greatly appreciated."

26. Quilt scraps are asked for by:

Mrs. W. R. Eames, Bassett, Va., R. 2.

Mrs. L. H. Coleman, Coleman Falls, Va.

Mrs. Myrtle Lawless, Elamsville, Va., Box 68.

Miss Odessa Hall, Woolwine, Va., Route 1, Box 44.

Mrs. B. Clark, Adel, Okla.

M. E. Blankenship, Hurt, Va.

Mrs. Ennis Parsons, Grassy Creek, N. C.

Miss Bessie Floyd, Polkton, N. C., R. 2.

Mrs. G. C. Brownlee, Sherman, Texas, R. 5.

Mrs. H. R. Payne, Farmville, Va., R. 5.

Miss Vera E. Wilmer, Buena Vista, Va.

27. Any reading will be welcomed by Mrs. Ida Turner, Henry, Va., R. 3, Box 55.

28. Mrs. C. W. Metts, Glade Hill, Va., living far from post office and church, will appreciate good reading for herself and her husband who is a cripple.

29. Doris Turner, Dodson, Va., a twelve-year-old girl, living in the country two miles from school, would like to correspond with a child her own age.

30. We live up in the hills and the country is infested with bears and cougars. My little boy is timid and so terrified when he hears the wild animals howl at night that I can do nothing with him. If I could people the woods with friendly animals through stories, I think he would gradually get over it; but I cannot remember back to my childhood except the names of the books

I read about animals. Perhaps someone still has the *Jungle Books* by Kipling and the stories of *Uncle Remus*. I should appreciate them so much. The name of my clergyman is Rev. Spencer, Hayden Lake. (Mrs.) C. W. Rose, R. D. 1, Hayden Lake, Idaho.

31. I want to thank the *Cheerful Letter* for all they have done for me. I have two little orphan girls ten and twelve years old to do for, and a sister seventy years old and deaf. Would be glad of any kind of books and scraps for quilts. We live eight miles from town in the mountains; the mail is all we have to cheer us up. I am a widow sixty years old and not able to walk. Please remember us. (Mrs.) Cassie Rhoades, R. 1, Hiwassie, Va.

32. Will write you a few lines in order to thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends for the nice books and magazines they have sent me. I certainly do enjoy reading them, and when I have read them I loan them to all the neighborhood around me. I certainly do appreciate what you have all done. I am a poor girl; I have my old sick father, who cannot do a thing, my mother and my little niece to work for. So you see I have nothing to buy books and magazines with. I would like books, magazines, quilt pieces, thread for crocheting, or anything that would be a help to my little niece. She is a great hand to read, and to piece quilts or do any kind of work she can do. Her name is Aline Eads and she is twelve years old. Her father (my only brother) is dead and her mother is married again. Also my cousin, Cecil Vire, wants to enter the Exchange. He is around eighteen years old and is trying so hard to get an education. His pastor's name is Rev. George Dodson, Mill Springs, Ky. Cecil's post office is Monticello, Ky. (Miss) Lillian Eads. Monticello, Ky.

33. L. A. Nall, at Greensboro, N. C., desires very much to receive books on Bible study, books of sermons, works of poetry and history or any books that may be useful to a young man of twenty years, who has a wife and child and who feels called to the Christian ministry. He will acknowledge all books and helps received. He has to work every day to support his family. Reference: Rev. Grover C. Phillips, New London, N. C. Address: L. A. Nall, Huffine Barber Shop, Greensboro, N. C.

34. I am a minister's wife and we live in the country. There is a large family of us all, but only two children are with us now. My health is not good, and I enjoy piecing quilts very much; and I want to ask the readers of the *Cheerful Letter* to send me some patchwork or any thing that will do to put in a quilt. I enjoy good

reading and will appreciate religious reading any one will send me. (Mrs.) F. W. Gammon, Elamsville, Va.

35. I will be grateful for reading matter for myself and two daughters aged twenty and nineteen years; also for quilt pieces to help pass long hours away. I give as reference: Rev. P. F. Long, Ansonville, North Carolina, Box 213. (Mrs.) Inez Kirby (colored), Box 316, Ansonville, N. C.

Changes of Address

Mrs. R. S. Whittington, from Miller's Creek, N. C., to Ashland, W. Va., Box 14.

Mrs. Pearl Hooker, from Sandy Ridge to Madison, N. C., care of Mrs. Minnie Price.

Mrs. J. A. Drumbeller, from Pleasant View, Va., to 803 Withers St., Lynchburg, Va.

Mrs. Eva Collins, from Ashford, Ala., to 511 West Main Street, Dotham, Ala.

Mrs. D. H. Hartsog, from Jefferson, N. C., to Crumpler, N. C., R. 2, Box 7.

Mrs. C. W. Cherry, from Lamesa to Overton, Route 4, Texas.

Mrs. Robert D. Snell, from Ironsburg, Tenn., to Harlan, Ky.

Mrs. Walter Johnson, from Brandon, N. C., to Sturgills, N. C.

AT REST

Mrs. Isabel Bailey, Toronto, Kansas, died January 18, 1925.

THERE is no wealth in the world like a noble friendship, and nothing should induce us to sacrifice such a treasure.—*J. R. Miller.*

ONE of the first effects of an honest striving after perfection will be to make us humble-minded; for we shall soon find out how terribly imperfect our very best is.—*E. M. Meynell.*

WHEN we do what we do for another's sake the labor is changed into a pleasant ministry, and we are the most happy when we are giving up the most.—*J. Vickery.*

WE should cultivate the friendship of little things, the quiet unobtrusive beauties that lie around our way, offering their gentle healing.—*G. Macdonald.*

It is a great blunder in the pursuit of happiness, not to know when we have got it; that is, not to be content with a reasonable and possible measure of it.—*Dr. Johnson.*

WHERE ARE OUR MANNERS

"WHERE are your manners?" That was a question not infrequently upon the lips of a former generation, in rebuking careless youth. Today we hear it seldom.

Where are your manners? The old schools of dancing that put courtliness first are gone. There is little dignified or courtly upon the modern dancehall floor. Twentieth century dancing does not necessarily imply what was once old-fashioned "manners."

We are mindful of an incident of which we read not long ago, where a business man visiting recurrently in a small Western town remarked that the youth were characterized by a certain courtesy that he noted nowhere else. The incident passed from his mind until some years later he met again one of these boys, now himself a business man with a dignified and courtly bearing. The first man asked the second how he explained the characteristics of the youth of that little town.

What do you suppose his answer was? Simply, that the village school-teacher had for a quarter of a century been taking a little time regularly every week to teach her pupils "manners." They had caught the spirit of that instruction, reflected that teacher's deportment and had actually given that town a certain "flavor," so to speak, by which its young people were easily distinguished.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

A LITTLE girl was crossing the Atlantic with her mother. It was her first ocean trip. The sea was as smooth as the proverbial millpond for the first three days; then the ship began rolling and pitching heavily. The child could n't understand what had happened. "Mamma," she said, "what's the matter; are we on a detour?"

HUB—I met that old lover of yours on the street today. He looked awfully blue.

Wife—Poor fellow! I hope you tried to cheer him up.

Hub—Oh, yes. I showed him that new tie you bought me and pointed out where a button was off my coat.

"My husband was complaining this morning about there being so much unemployment."

"But he's got a job."

"That's just it. It makes him feel bad to think of so many men loafing while he's got to work."

THE sun's age is placed at 5,000,000 years. Its method of living no doubt: Early to bed and early to rise.—*Detroit News.*

FOUR ducks on a pond.
A grass-bank beyond,
A blue sky of spring,
White clouds on the wing:
What a little thing
To remember for years—
To remember with tears!

—*John o' London's Weekly.*

A STATE-LY ROMANCE

SHE was a very pretty—Miss.
Her name was—Del.
His name was—Cal.
His wealth was in—Ore.
She told him to ask her—Pa.
Father pronounced him—Ok.
They were married at—Tenn.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also *letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.*, should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevenson, 26 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and forty-nine libraries are now on our lists.

5. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

Notice to those who give:—

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classic educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

To those who receive:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.